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## KIDNAPPED.

THERE lies on the Atlantic coast of the United States a large inlet or estuary named Chesapeake Bay. It flows from the sea inland, due northward, filling the channels of many rivers, and dividing the two sovereignties of Maryland and Virginia into what are called the Eastern and Western Shores. The Eastern Shore was doubtless submerged at a remote period, for it is very low and sandy at the present day, and the water-courses from the east and the west nearly meet at its centre. It is, in fact, a long, narrow peninsula, isolated from the populous country across and above the bay, and its people are therefore very quaint, primitive, and individual. Their dialect, manners, and institutions are in like manner original, and, until recently, they may have been said to be a people by themselves, shut out from the world, as completely as many of the islanders of the far seas. Their farms were extensive, and almost barren. The richer classes possessed negroes, whose slovenly economy ruined what was already impoverished; and the poorer whites dwelt in miserable cabins—heathens in sloth and ignorance—tilling a few niggard acres of corn and potatoes, and fishing in the salt 'creeks' for clams, oysters, and shell-fish.

Dense forests of pine and cedar grew amid the sands; the scanty towns were rude, and never progressive; there was no commerce; and stage-coaches, running at long intervals, furnished the only means of intercommunication.

With these disadvantages, the Eastern Shore seemed in a fair way of relapsing into barbarism, and its regeneration was due to a class of evangelists or enthusiasts, who penetrated into its desert places, inspired by religious zeal, teaching the doctrines of faith, industry, and charity. These were the 'Methodists;' and whatever may be our opinion of their motives, manners, and doctrines, there can be no doubt that in America they have been the pioneers of civilisation. Their apostles were poor, self-educated, and adventurous. No society was so rude, no settlement so remote, as to deter their courage or baffle their perseverance. And truly their task required all patience and energy. The blight of slavery had gone before them. Crimes were common among the benighted poor—theft, unchastity, and murder. The trade in human flesh was carried on without restraint; slave-buyers traversed the country to obtain field-hands for the

cotton and rice states, and kidnapping or man-stealing was generally prevalent.

A celebrated apostle of the Methodist sect was the Rev. Titus Bates. He had been twenty-six years engaged in the ministry, and was now a bronzed, worn, failing man, consumed by the zeal of his order, but still anxious to continue his work and die at his post. Like all his tribe, he was an itinerant, moving from town to town every second year—these towns being his places of abode, while his fields of labour were called 'circuits,' and comprised many houses of worship scattered through the surrounding district. He had chosen his wife with reference to his vocation, and she was equally earnest with himself. She attended the sick, prayed with the dying, taught Sabbath-schools, and organised religious meetings among the women. They had but one son, Paul, an odd, silent little fellow, who was thought to be more bashful than bright; but his parents loved him tenderly, and argued the highest usefulness from his still, sober, thoughtful habits. He was of a singularly dark complexion, with fine black eyes, and curling hair, and he was now old enough to ride to and fro with his father upon the long, pastoral journeys.

Paul's sixth birthday occurred on a raw Sunday in December. He had been promised, as a special treat on that occasion, a visit to Hogson's Corner, an old meeting-house near the bay-side, twenty miles distant. His mother woke him at an early hour, and while he breakfasted, the gray pony Bob came to the door in the 'sulky.' His mother bade him be a good boy, and kissed him; he took his seat upon a stool at his father's feet, and watched the stone parsonage fade quickly out of sight. The last houses of the town vanished; they passed some squalid huts of free negroes; and when, after an hour, they came to a grim, solitary hill, the snow began to fall. It beat down very fast, whitening the frozen furrows in the fields, making pyramids of the charred stumps, and bleaching the sinuous 'worm-fences' which bordered the road. After a while they found a gate built across the way, and Paul leaped out to open it. The snow was deep on the other side, and the little fellow's strength was taxed to push it back, but he succeeded, and his father applauded him. Then there were other gates; for there were few public highways here, and the routes led through private fields. It seemed that he had opened a great many gates before they came to the forest, and then Paul wrapped his chilled

wet feet in the thick buffalo hide, and watched the dreary stretches of the pines moan by, the flakes still falling, and the wheels of the sulky dragging in the drifts. The road was very lonely; his father hummed snatches of hymns as they went, and the little boy shaped grotesque figures down the dim aisles of the woods, and wondered how it would be with travellers lost in their depths. He was not sorry when they reached the 'meeting-house,' a black old pile of planks, propped upon logs, with a long shelter-roof for horses down the side of the pave-yard. A couple of sleighs, a rough-covered wagon, called a 'dearborn,' and several saddled horses, were tied beneath the roof. Two very aged negroes were seen coming up one of the cross-roads, and the shining, surging Chesapeake, bearing a few pale sails, was visible in the other direction. Some bores were gossiping in the churchyard, slashing their boots with their riding-whips; one lean, solemn man came out to welcome the preacher, addressing him as 'Brother' Bates; and another led the sulky into the wagon-shed, and treated Bob to some ears of corn, which he needed very much.

Then they all repaired to the charch, which looked inside like a great barn. The beams and shingles were bare; some swallows in the eaves flew and twittered at will; and a huge stove, with branching pipes, stood in the naked aisle. The pews were hard and prim, and occupied by pinch-visaged people; the pulpit was a plain shelf, with hanging oil-lamps on either side; and over the door in the rear projected a rheumatic gallery, where the black communicants were boxed up like criminals. A kind old woman gave Paul a ginger-cake, but his father motioned him to put it in his pocket; and after he had warmed his feet, he was told to sit in the pew nearest the preacher, on what was called the 'Amen side.' Then the services began, the preacher leading the hymns, and the cracked voices of the old ladies joining in at the wrong places. But after a while a venerable negro in the gallery tuned up, and sang down the shrill swallows with natural melody. The prayers were long, and broken by ejaculations from the pews. The text was announced amid profound silence, after everybody had coughed several times, and then the itinerant launched into his sermon. At first, it was dry and argumentative, then burdened with divisions and quotations, but in the end he closed the great book, and made one of those fierce, feeling appeals—brimming with promises of grace and threatenings of hell—in words so homely that all felt them true, while the wild, interpolated cries of the believers thrilled and terrified the young.

Little Paul heard with pale lips these grim, religious revelations, and his child's fancy conjured up awful pictures of worlds beyond the grave. He wondered that the birds dared riot in the roof; the sky in the gable-window was full of cloudy marvels; and the snow beat under the door, like a shroud blown out of one of the churchyard tombs. The closing prayer was said at last, the unconverted walked away, but five or six communicants remained to tell their secret experiences in the 'class-meeting.' Paul's father gave him permission to go into the yard if he liked, and the boy got into the sulky, beneath the buffalo, and heard the sobs and hymns floating dismally on the wind. Grim shapes thronged his mind again, wherein the Bible stories were mingled with tales of ghosts and strange nursery fables. They chased each other in and out, generating others as they went, and then came drowsiness, and Paul slept.

The class-meeting lasted an hour. It was very fervent and demonstrative; and when it was over, the kind old lady who had given Paul the ginger-bread asked the preacher home to dinner. She said that roasted turkey, wild-duck, and pumpkin-pie were waiting for them; and Mr Bates thought fondly

what a treat it would be for Paul on his birthday. He was to preach again that afternoon seven miles away, and so moved briskly towards the sulky.

'The poor fellow is asleep,' said the preacher, seeing that the curling head was not thrust up at his approach. 'I wonder of what he dreams!' He drew near as he spoke. Old Bob was munching his corn sedately; the sulky had a saucy air; the robe nestled in the front, with the tiny stool peeping from a corner; but Paul was not there. The preacher called aloud; the horses raised their ears in reply, and the wheels crackled in the frozen crust. He called again; some sleigh-bells jingled merrily, and then the pines moaned. He looked into the other vehicles; he watched for the little foot-tracks in the snow; he ran back to the old church, and searched beneath every pew.

'Brethren—sisters,' he cried, 'I cannot find my boy!' and his voice was tremulous. They gathered round him; and some said that Paul had ridden away with the worldly lads; others, that he was hiding mischievously. But one silent bystander looked into the drifts, and traced four great boot-marks close to the sulky. He followed them across the road into the pines, and out into the road again, where they were lost in the multitude of impressions. 'Brother,' he faltered, 'God give you strength! your boy has been stolen—kidnapped!'

The old man staggered; but the kind lady caught him, and as he leaned upon her shoulder, his face grew hard and blanched; then he removed his hat, and his gray hairs streamed over his gaunt features. 'Let us pray!' he said.

They searched the country that afternoon; but the forests were vast, and they met with no cheer. The preacher plodded to his appointment as if he had still a child, and his sermon was as full and straightforward. He announced his bereavement from the pulpit when he had done, and the whole country was alarmed and excited. He bore the tidings to his desolate home, and his stricken wife heard it with a stern resignation. Thenceforward, he preached more of the burning pit, and less of the golden city; his eyes were full of fierce light, and his visage grew long and ghastly. He denied himself all joys and comforts; his prayers rang in the midnight through the gloomy parsonage; and he toiled in the ministry as if reckless of life, and anxious to lose it in his Master's service. The end came at last; the world closed over the grim couple, and they hoped through the grave's portal to find their child.

When Paul awoke from his nap in the sulky, he found himself far in the forest, and moving swiftly forward. A huge negro, with bloodshot eyes, was transferring him to an evil-looking white man, and he struggled in the latter's arms, crying for his papa.

The negro drew a long knife from his breast, and flourished it before Paul's face. 'Hold um jaw, or I kill um dead!' he muttered. 'Got um grave dug out yer.'

'O yer young yerlin!' said the other man, boxing Paul's ears; 'yer don't know yer own father, don't yer? I'm yer parpar!'

'You are not!' cried Paul. 'Where are you taking me? Where is the church, and the sulky, and old Bob?'

The negro drove his knife so close to Paul's throat, that the boy flinched and shrieked.

'You dar to say fader to anybody,' yelled the negro, 'and I cut yo' heart out! You dar to tell yer name, or yer fader's name, or wha' yo' come from, and I cut yo' eyes out! I cut yo' heart and eyes out—do yo' yar?'

The lad was cowed into cold, tearless terror; he shrank from the glittering edge, and trembled at the giant's murderous expression. He thought they had brought him to this lonely spot to slay him, and he

embraced silence as the only chance for his young life. He wondered if this were not one of his wild imaginings, or if it had not something to do with the punishment pronounced in the morning's fierce sermon. The two men came to a ruined cabin after a while; it was buried in deep shade; the logs were worm-eaten, and the clay chimney had fallen down. They climbed by a creaking ladder into the loft, and laid Paul upon a ragged bed. A young negro woman and her child were there, and the boy saw that her foot was shackled to the floor, for the chain rattled as she moved. They gave him a piece of beef and a corn-cake, and stripping him of his tidy clothes, dressed him in the coarse blue drilling worn by slaves. The two men drank frequently from the same bottle, talking in low tones, and after a time both of them lay down and slept. The woman dandled her child to and fro, for it moaned painfully, and the pines without made a deep dirge. No birds trilled or screamed in this desert place, but a roaring as of loud waters was borne now and then on the twilight: it was the bay, close below them, making thunder upon the beach.

When Paul woke from his second sleep, he was on the deck of a vessel. The shore lay beneath him, and the waves heaved behind. It was night; the snow-flakes still filtered through the profound darkness, and the wind whistled in the rigging. A red lantern moved along the beach; some voices were heard speaking together, and one of them said: 'Don't be afraid of the boy; I have sold lots paler than him. Lick him smartly, if he gammons, and he'll tell no tales.'

Then they lifted the anchor aboard; the tide floated off the sloop, and they were soon scudding before the wind, under a freezing starlight. Two weary days passed over Paul, of travel by land and water. They came to the city of Richmond at last, and marched him, with five other unfortunates, to the common slave-pen. It was situated in a squalid suburb, surrounded by a high spiked wall, and entered by an office, from which a watchman could observe the interior through two grated doors. The pen consisted of a paved area, open to the sky—except on one side, where it was protected by a shelving roof—and of a jail or den. The latter was walled up in a corner, but its inmates could look out upon the area through a window in the door, and their savage features, revealed at the bars, so terrified Paul, that he retreated to the opposite corner, afraid to look towards them. Now and then, they howled and blasphemed, for two were delirious from drunkenness, and one was desperate from rage, and as they moved like tigers to and fro, their irons clanked behind them, dragging on the stone floor. A number of women were huddled together beneath the roof, some as fair as Paul, others as black as ebony. Some held babes to their breasts, others had no regard for their offspring, but sat stolidly apart, while their children cried for nourishment. In the open place, a bevy of the coarser inmates were holding a rude dance; a large gray-haired man patted time or 'juber' with his feet and hands, calling the figures huskily aloud; while the women, with bright turbans tied round their heads, grinned and screamed with glee as they followed the measure with their large heavy shoes. Their efforts were directed not so much to pace as to strength, for some kept up the dance a whole hour, divesting themselves of parcels of clothing as they proceeded, and breathing hard, as if weary to exhaustion. The men applauded vociferously, coupling the names of the performers with wild ejaculations, but subsiding when the keeper appeared at the door occasionally to command less noise. Remote from the bacchanals crouched a serious group of negroes, who sang religious melodies, quite oblivious of their wild associates; and in still another quarter, a humorous fellow was enlivening his constituents with odd sayings and stories.

Paul's heart sank within him as he looked upon these scenes; a sense of his degradation rushed over his young mind, and he threw himself upon the stones, with his head in his hands, and wept hot tears of bitterness. Henceforth he should be a creature—a thing—a slave! He must know no ambition but indolence, no bliss but ignorance, no rest but sleep, no hope but death. Long leagues must interpose between himself and his home; he should never kiss his mother again, or kneel with his father in the holiness of prayer. The recollections of his childhood should be crushed out by agonising experiences of bondage; he would forget his name and the faces of his friends, and at last preserve only the horrible consciousness that he was the chattel of his master!

The uproar continued far into the night, and one poor creature was delivered of a child in the hazy light of the morning. Paul was too young to think much of the matter, for his own sorrows engrossed him; but he often recurred, in his subsequent career, to the romance of that bondwoman, and the soul which first felt the breath of life in the precincts of the slave-shambles. What a childhood must it have had to look back upon—cradled in disgrace, sung to sleep with the simple melodies of grief, bred for no high purposes, but with the one distinct and dreadful idea of gain—to be filched from that dusky bosom when its little limbs had first essayed motion, that its feeble lips might lisp the accents of servility.

Days and weeks passed over Paul, and he found no opportunity to tell his story. They kept him purposely that he might forget it, or feel the hopelessness of relating it. Other wretches came and went, till there remained none of the original inmates of his prison, and he learned to mingle with his coarse companions, joining sometimes in their gaiety, and the high walls stood for ever between his dreams and the sky, till their sombre shadows were printed upon his heart. The boy's turn came at length. He climbed the auction block before the gaping multitude, and leaped to shew his suppleness. They were pleased with his still serious manner, the paleness of his skin, his thoughtful eyes, and the shining ringlets of his hair. Bids were banded briskly upon him, and the auctioneer rattled glibly of the rare 'lot' to be sold.

'Who owns the boy?' cried a bystander.

'Colonel Jeems Purnell of the Eastern Shore,' answered the auctioneer. 'His mother is a likely piece that will be in the market presently.'

Tears came to Paul's eyes, but he held down the great sob that started to his throat, and called lustily: 'It is a wicked story! My father is white, and my mother is white! I am not a slave, and they have stolen me!'

A loud, long laugh broke from the crowd, and the trader cracked a merry joke which helped the pleasantry.

'We may call that a "white lie,"' he said; 'but it is a peart lad, and the air with which he told it is worth a cool hundred. Going at four hundred dollars—four hundred, &c.'

The bidding recommenced; the 'article' rose in esteem, and Paul was pushed from the block into the arms of a tall, angular person, who led him into the city. That afternoon, he was placed in a railway-carriage; and on the third night he was quartered in Mobile, at the dwelling of his purchaser. The tall person proved to be the agent of a rich old lady—a childless widow—who required a handsome, active lad, to wait upon her person, and make a good appearance in the drawing-room.

She had many servants; but Paul was not compelled to associate with them, and his duties were light, though menial. When his mistress went out to walk, he must carry her spaniel in his arms. He must stand behind her at dinner, wielding a fly-brush of peacock's feathers. He must run errands, and be equally ready to serve her whims or satisfy her



wants. She was not harsh, but very petulant; and had Paul been hasty or high-tempered, his lot might have been a bitter one. On the contrary, he was quiet, docile, and bashful, and he pleased her marvellously. If he sometimes wept for the happy past, or felt a child's strong yearnings for something to love, he hid his grief from those about him, and sought that consolation which the world cannot take away, in the simple prayers he had conned from his mother. He was a slave, but not a negro. His pleasures were not theirs, for he had quick intelligence, and he shrank from their loud, lewd glee. Their blood had thickened through generations of bondage, and trained in the harness of beasts, they had become creatures of draught. His had rippled bright and brisk through generations of freemen, and a year could not drag him to their level. He had learned to read and write, and it was his habit to stand at the window in his leisure moments, adding to his information from some pleasant book; but his mistress supposed that he was looking at the pictures merely, till one day, entering the dining-room softly, she heard him reading aloud. He had a sweet boy's voice, which somewhat pacified the anger she felt at such presumption in a slave; and though at first rebuking him, she reconsidered the matter during the evening, and bade him read to her from a new novel. Thenceforward, Paul gained favour, and his mistress found it convenient to employ him as an amanuensis. She released him from menial duties, and gave him neat attire, and it was wonderful how well these accessories became him. He was unassuming, as before, submitting with patience to his lot; and at length he became indispensable to Mrs Everett. Her attachment to books of fiction amounted to dissipation, and the part that he bore in their perusal developed his warm imagination, till his fancies were brighter than romance—they became poetry. The one great grief of his life touched his whole face with a pensive melancholy, but he forbore to tell his true history again, preferring to wait for some golden moment, when he might be believed, and emancipated.

From the beginning, Mrs Everett's agent disliked him. Wait was a Northern adventurer—cool, courageous, and ambitious—who had settled in the South with the resolution of becoming rich, and he had pursued his purpose with steady inflexibility. He was not a bad man, but a bitter one, and Paul had in some sort divided Mrs Everett's esteem with him. Previously, he had been her sole and undisputed adviser, and as she was readily influenced, he hoped, in course of time, to be accepted as her second husband. He was young and manly, and she was giddy and middle-aged. Her relatives held him in contempt, but he had proved his courage, and they did not care to cross him. But with the coming of Paul he had lost somewhat of her regard, and he laid it to the boy's charge. Paul read his calm purpose in his keen eyes, and shuddered at the thought of some day falling into his relentless hands. He laboured to conciliate his enemy, but with little effect, until one afternoon, Wait told him to obtain permission from Mrs Everett, and come to the office. He dictated some ambiguous letters to Paul, and gave him many papers to burn, meanwhile inspecting a pair of long pistols which he took from a portmanteau. It was late in the afternoon when he had done, and then he bade Paul take the case of pistols, slip quietly into the street, and walk straight on till he was overtaken. He had obeyed, not without suspicion, and when he reached the city limits, found the agent, to his great surprise, seated in a carriage. Two other persons attended him, and one, who was bald, and wore glasses, had a case of surgical instruments lying at his feet. Paul climbed to the driver's box, and they dashed along by the water-side, meeting a second carriage on their way. The last rays of sunset were streaming over the low landscape when both carriages

stopped, their occupants dismounted, and Wait came to the front, and reached up his hand to Paul.

'Good-bye, boy,' he said in a tone of unwonted tenderness; 'remain here a moment, and you will see me again.'

They filed along a dike, separating two swamps, and turning down to the beach, were hidden behind a line of cypress-trees. For a few moments, Paul only heard the roar of the surf, the noise of the distant town, and the short breathing of the sedate negro beside him. Then there were shouts as of a person counting rapidly, and two reports, so close that one seemed the echo of the other. A few minutes afterwards the agent appeared, leaning upon the arms of his attendants. He was divested of coat and vest; and as he came nearer, bareheaded, Paul saw that his face was colourless, and working as from deadly pain. His shirt was perforated close to the collar, and the blood flowing beneath had stained it to his waist, and dripped in a runnel from his boots. He fainted when he had taken his seat; and as the carriage rolled away, Paul looked back towards the duelling-ground, and beheld two men bearing upon their shoulders a stiff, straight burden, wrapped in a cloak. The second carriage passed him, driven swiftly, and it seemed to emit a chill draught upon Paul, like the damp wind from a tomb; it was the presence of death, at whose very mention we grow cold.

Wait had vindicated his courage, but at the expense of his life. He lingered on in agony many days; and Paul so pitied him, that he stole into his darkened chamber, and begged to do him kindnesses. The grim man lay implacable, waiting for death; but one night, as he writhed, with the dew upon his forehead, Paul heard him mutter: 'My God, my mother!'

The boy remembered a quaint text of Scripture: 'Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul;' and he repeated it in the strong man's ear.

'Go on,' cried Wait, rising upon his elbow; 'I have heard that before: tell me the rest!'

'I have the good book here,' replied Paul. 'I am sure it will be pleasant to you, sir, if you will let me read.'

'Do so, boy; I used to know it well. An old friend taught those strange words to me, but I have forgotten them now.'

Paul read some soothing and beautiful psalms, which took his companion's mind back to his native mountains, and the white spire of the village church where he had worshipped with his mother. The hard lines melted in his face as he listened, but Paul lit upon a bitter verse, and the agent's conscience began to trouble him. He could not look into the boy's eyes, for they seemed to rebuke him, and at last he commanded Paul to stop. It was midnight. They heard the great clock in the hall strike twelve, and all the household slumbered.

'Go to your mistress's room,' said Wait; 'tell her that I must see her now—she must come at once. The morning may never come to me. Go; God bless you!'

He called Paul back when he had got to the door, and added falteringly: 'My boy, do you say your prayers?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Would you mind thinking of me when you say them to-night?'

'I do so every night, sir.'

'Good-night.'

Paul heard the agent sobbing as he stole away; but when he knocked at Mrs Everett's door, she answered petulantly, and at first she refused to rise. She had little self-denial; it would pain her to enter a dying chamber; and she would have left Wait to perish, had not some passage from the romances entered her head of dead folk, with secrets on their minds, haunting the living. It would be very terrible

to be haunted, and the old woman was frightened into obedience. When she returned, her mind was disquieted, and she made Paul stay in her room to compose her with cheerful talk. Finally, she fell asleep, and he hastened to the agent's chamber. It was very dark within, and he waited a moment that the other might recognise him. Wait seemed to be in deep slumber, though Paul could not hear him breathe; but as the lad ventured to place his head upon the quilt, it encountered a hand so cold and hard that it seemed to be marble. Paul knew that he need no longer remember his enemy in his prayers.

What transpired between his mistress and her agent at this dying interview, Paul could not surmise, but he believed that it concerned himself. He perceived that Mrs Everett treated him more considerably afterwards; and many times, as he looked up from a long silence, he found her regarding him inquisitively. She asked him strange questions once, bearing upon his early life, and he was almost encouraged to reveal the secret of his birth, but she seemed to divine his purpose, and changed the theme. Something troubled her, he knew; and when he applied himself to conciliate and cheer her, at those moments she suffered most. Had she loved the stern, ambitious man whose closed chamber still chilled her mansion? Was it because she was childless and travelling graveward? Or did she cherish a mother's feeling for Paul, and wish that he was of her race, and worthy to be her son? Towards each of these theories he inclined, favouring the last, and finally he concluded that she did not love, but feared him. He had grown tall and manly. An individual beauty, rather of mind than of face, developed in him, and his mistress had been prodigal of favours, so that his dress and ornaments corresponded with his person. He might have ruled rather than served in her dwelling; but content with the recognition of his equality, he maintained the same modest guise, and his mistress felt an uneasy pride in his promotion. One day he found her weeping, and when he spoke, she answered bitterly: 'Paul, you have ceased to love me; you are ungrateful; you wish to be free—you would leave me.'

He responded pleasantly—for he had become familiar with such moods—that he had found a new romance, which he would read. It was not a long story, but a thrilling one, and based upon the simple narrative of Joseph in bondage. The outline was true, the details were fabulous, and the old lady marvelled that a theme so trite could be so well embellished. He read far into the night, and she bade him leave the book upon her table, that she might peruse it again.

'It is manuscript,' he said, 'and this is the only copy.'

'Why, Paul,' she cried, 'how came you by it?'

'I wrote it myself.'

Paul was indeed the author, having filled in the sorrows of his hero from his own experiences. Mrs Everett was loud in its praises; she was sure that it indicated genius, and she lay awake that night meditating an act of charity and of justice. She would make a freeman of Paul, and he should find in far lands that equality which he could not obtain in his own. They would journey together. He should have means and advantages, and should become her protégé and heir. But the strong self-love defeated this resolve. If Paul were not bound to her by law, he might forsake her, and she could not bear to lose him, for he had become a part of her heart; but when she broached the matter, Paul gave his parole never to leave her without consent. He was still a slave, with the taint of a trampled race in his blood, and he said nothing to Mrs Everett of his origin. They crossed the seas; they dwelt in pleasant places, beneath soft skies, and Paul grew in knowledge. But his patron was still harassed by some deep remorse. She hurried him from city to city, like the fabled apostate, and at length fell sick in London, on the eve of their return

to America. Paul gleaned from her ravings in delirium the cause of her unrest: Wait had made known to her, on the night of his decease, the secret of the young man's origin, and had conjured her to do justice to the lad. Her self-love had deterred her in consummating this duty, and conscience had therefore tortured her. She was enabled to reach New York, where she left the preacher's son the bulk of her property, and received his gratitude and forgiveness before she died.

Paul was free—haunted no longer by horrible premonitions of future suffering—and his first impulse was to return to the Eastern Shore and discover his desolate parents. His recollections of them were imperfect. He preserved many trifling circumstances, though more important events were forgotten; but as he made his way to the old village his heart beat high. There were the negro quarters, the cornfields, the twisting fences, and at last the shady stone parsonage—recollections they seemed of objects beheld in a foggy dream. They directed him to the Methodist church—a prim, square structure in the centre of the village—a tavern on one side, a court-house and a market on the other; and when the sexton threw open a window, the bleared light fell upon a marble slab set in the wall:

NEAR THIS SPOT LIE THE REMAINS

OF REV. TITUS BATES,

FOR TWO YEARS PASTOR OF THIS CONGREGATION,

AND OF PEGGY, HIS WIFE.

'THEY HAVE CEASED FROM THEIR LABOURS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.'

Paul's hopes fell. He walked through the village, friendless, and, impelled by his swift-coming fancies, strolled far into the suburbs. A crowd was collected round a squalid negro cabin, and, less by interest than by instinct, he bent his steps towards it.

'What is the matter, friend?' he asked of a bystander.

'The boys hez scented kidnappers to this shanty,' answered the man; 'and, by doggy! they goin' to trap 'em!'

The mob seemed to be fearfully incensed as Paul pushed close to the scene. There were said to be two of the man-stealers, both of whom had been very daring and successful. He heard their names called as Peter Gettis and Dave Goule, and the opinion was expressed that the first named would not yield without a desperate struggle. The mob was hot and clamorous, and while a selected committee entered the den to search it, the rest brandished clubs and knives, and yelled for justice and blood. Word came at length that the kidnappers were concealed beneath the floor of the cabin; and at the hint, a score of stalwart fellows began to pull up the planks, while their associates formed a wide circle round, prepared to prevent escape. Finally the cry arose: 'Here they air! This is them! Drag 'em out! Whooop!'

The men within the cabin rushed through the doors and windows, as if pursued, and a stalwart negro, with bloodshot eyes, almost naked, and flourishing a huge knife, staggered to the threshold, and glared fiercely round him.

The circle stood firm: some were clabbing their cudgels, others lifting their blades, and here and there, along the line, rang out the click of a pistol.

'Come, Pete,' cried one of the ringleaders; 'you're treed, Pete! Don't be a fool, but give yourself in.'

The negro gnashed his teeth, and his wild eyes glared like coals of fire.

'Do you gib me faih play?' he bellowed, extending the knife.

'Yes, Pete, yes!' answered the multitude.

'Then look heah!' answered the wretch, drawing his knife across his throat. He staggered into the air like an ox, cursing as he came; they parted, to avoid him, and as he reached a fence, a few rods from the cabin, he leaned upon it, and swaying to and fro, raised his horrible eyes to the sky.

Paul recognised his ancient captor with a thrill and a silent prayer. Vengeance had come in His own good time, and Paul felt no bitterness towards the poor fellow, but craved forgiveness for his slipping soul.

The second offender burrowed so remotely that the mob could not drag him from his covert. They struck at him with knives, and hired dogs to creep beneath the logs, and rend him, but in vain. At length one of the ringleaders obtained a torch, and the cabin was fired in several places. The flames spouted into the night, bursting from the small windows, and the roof fell in with a crash, scattering ashes and red-hot coals. They could hear the shriek of the victim now, and he was seen dancing among the firebrands, for the blaze encircled him like an impassable wall. He made a desperate rush at length to overleap the fire, and his figure, magnified by the red light, looked gigantic as he sprang high into the air. A dozen pistols clattered together—the man fell heavily forward, tossing up his scorched hands, and the fizzing, crackling timbers closed darkly above him, to the thunder of his executioners' huzzas.

Paul did not reveal himself. He left the village stealthily, and journeyed northward. Years afterwards, a name was added to the tablet in the old church:

HERE LIE ALSO THE REMAINS OF  
THE REV. PAUL BATES.

'HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.'

### TREASURE-TROVE AND UNCLAIMED WRECK.

'FINDING is keeping,' or 'findings keepings,' say the school-boys, in relation to their tops, marbles, pence, apples, cakes, and other treasures. But the lawyers dispute this. To find a thing is not a sufficient warranty for keeping it; we must give ourselves a great deal of trouble to discover the real owner, and if we cannot discover him, it by no means follows that we may keep the treasure for our trouble, seeing that other claimants may even yet step in and snatch it from us. Perhaps this is all right and wholesome. Who knows what wide interpretations we might put upon the meaning of the word 'finding,' if tempted to do so by our own self-interest?

Waifs, strays, flotsam, jetsam, ligan, wreck, treasure-trove—there are plenty of designations for property which, under accidental circumstances, seems for the moment to belong to nobody; and so considerable is the value of the property every year placed in this predicament, that an absolute necessity arises for laying down laws and rules on the matter. Treasure-trove, or 'found-treasure,' is regulated by a system which has been in operation for ages, clear in its general principles, but not always easy to interpret in particular cases. If a man drops a shilling—if he drops a parcel—if he buries his money underground in troubled times—if he leaves it in an old desk or bureau, and forgets all about it, different rules apply in reference to the finder. That far-famed Blackstone, whom lawyers are supposed to know all about, but who is a wonderful myth to everyday folks, tells us: 'If one be possessed of a jewel, and cast it into the sea or a public highway, this is such an express dereliction [voluntary abandonment], that a property will be vested in the

first fortunate finder that will seize it to his own use.' This seems all plain enough; but 'if he hide it privately in the earth, or other secret place, and if it be discovered, the finder acquires no property therein; for the owner has not by this act declared any intention to abandon it, but rather the contrary.' This is the hitch, which will perhaps surprise many of our readers. Further, 'if he lose it, or drop it by accident, it cannot be collected from thence that he designed to quit the possession; and therefore, in such a case, the property still remains in the loser, who may claim it again of the finder.' Assuredly, then, finding is *not* keeping, in a multitude of cases where we are wont to think it would be. According as the finder believes that the loser could or could not be found if sought for, so would his retention of the article found be larceny or not. But, observe here, Blackstone speaks of a *jewel*. This illustrates a curious distinction in the matter. If, say the old laws on this subject, a man finds gold, silver, bullion, plate, or coin; and if it be found hidden under the ground, or behind a wall, or in some secret hiding-place, and if the owner is not known, then the treasure does not belong to the finder, but to the *king or queen*. Lucky people those kings and queens: they are allowed to play at 'findings keepings' more than other folks. If the gold, silver, bullion, plate, or coin is found on the ground, however, or some open place, it does *not* belong to the king or queen; it belongs to the finder, unless the former owner, or his heir or executor, comes to light. As to the jewel mentioned by Blackstone, it appears to be a representative of property generally; but it is only coined money, and articles made of the two 'royal' metals, gold and silver, that come to the sovereign of the country under the circumstances supposed.

Many cases have been made subject of public investigation, throwing light on this curious matter. The following is an instance in point. Shortly after the year 1815, when the Napoleonic era was ended, a foreigner came to reside at the village of Stanmore, in Middlesex. Who he was, or why he came, did not seem to be known; the villagers used to remark that he wandered about the fields in a desultory sort of way, but beyond this they knew little, and after a time he suddenly left the place. About two years subsequently, a stranger appeared at Stanmore, stating that the foreigner was dead, that he had hidden a considerable amount of treasure (probably on account of some political troubles in which he had been involved), and that he had sketched a plan of a field near Stanmore where it was hidden. The stranger and the villagers searched, but found nothing. It was afterwards noted that two elm trees had been removed during the intervening period, and this probably threw the searchers in a wrong direction. In January 1836, the treasure was found, amounting to the large sum of four thousand pounds, mostly in foreign gold coins. The finders claimed it, because 'findings keepings'; the rector claimed it, because it was found on the glebe-land of the rectory; the crown claimed it, in accordance with the ancient law. When the whole affair was investigated, the crown was declared to be the proper claimant, the heirs of the former owner not being traceable.

A case of treasure-trove, remarkable in some of its features, took place early in the present year. On the 12th of January, a farm-labourer of Mountfield, in Sussex, while ploughing, turned up a quantity of old brass (as it seemed to him), at about a foot beneath the surface. The metal was in the form of links or bars, about an inch and a half long by an inch wide, connected together into a chain about half a yard in length. At each end of the chain was a sort of trumpet. William Butchers, the finder, sold the chain to one Silas Thomas, who gave him three shillings for it, in its supposed capacity as eleven pounds of old brass. Thomas sold it to his brother-in-law, Stephen Willett,



a cabdriver at Hastings. This Willett, who had once been a Californian gold-digger, discovered that the chain was made, not of brass, but of gold. Thomas and Willett soon shewed symptoms of having come into the possession of a considerable sum of money, and as suspicions were aroused on the subject, the police took it up. Willett was examined at the Battle petty sessions, on the charge of having come into the possession of gold which he refused to account for; but he was discharged, on the magistrates discovering that any investigations concerning treasure-trove must be made by a coroner. The lord of the manor then communicated with the Treasury, and the solicitor to the Treasury, with a detective officer, instituted inquiries. It was found that Thomas and Willett had paid three hundred pounds into a Hastings bank on the 24th; that the notes had been given to them, or one of them, by Messrs Glyn on the 23d, in payment for a cheque drawn by a refiner in the City; and that the refiner had given Willett a cheque for £529 for 153 ounces of solid gold. A description of this gold was obtained from the refiner, and it tallied exactly with that of three other bars or links subsequently found in the field. After considerable time had been spent in these investigations, an inquest was held at Hastings by the coroner for Sussex and a jury. We are apt to think that an 'inquest' always means an inquiry into the death of some person, not traceable at first to natural causes; but the province of coroner embraces many other classes of investigation. The jury, after several hours' consideration, came to the conclusion that Butchers, Thomas, and Willett had wrongfully concealed from the crown and from the coroner the discovery they had made, and that the treasure did not belong to them, but to the Queen. The ulterior proceedings we need not touch upon; suffice to say, that the chain was decided to be treasure-trove, and of a kind (gold, not brass) that belongs to the crown. Antiquaries regret that the chain was melted down for the value of the gold it contained. Judging from the three links left, it is believed that the chain must have been two thousand years old; specimens similar to it, found in Wales, and now deposited in the British Museum, are supposed to have been ornaments worn by the ancient British kings.

If we find money or other valuables in old furniture bought at an auction, or bank-notes hidden in the cover of an old Bible bought at a book-stall, do they belong to us? This is a part of the very subject of treasure-trove. It is probable that nine persons out of ten would consider the buyer to have bought the furniture, or the Bible, and *all that it contained*. The law, however, will not admit this. Some years ago, a cause was tried, arising out of the purchase of an old bureau at an auction. The purchaser discovered a secret spring-drawer, containing gold and a roll of bank-notes. The former owner, or his or her representative, happened to obtain cognizance of the fact, and claimed the money, which claim was resisted by the buyer. The court decided that neither the auctioneer nor the bidder knew anything about the money; the one agreed to sell, and the other to buy, *the bureau only*; the money had been left there, either by the death or the forgetfulness of the owner, but without any lapse of rightful ownership. The buyer of the bureau was compelled to give up the money.

The regulations concerning treasure-trove on the sea-shore are much more complicated than in land in the interior of the country, seeing that the accidental destruction of ships leads to the scattering of a vast amount of valuable property every year. In the old days, the shore-population of most countries had no doubt whatever that wrecks belonged to whoever could find them; and they put a very wide interpretation indeed upon what constituted a wreck. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, speaking of Denmark as it was three or four centuries ago, says

that the rude habits of the age were strongly marked by the difficulty which the Danish government found in putting a stop to the practice of plundering merchantmen shipwrecked on the coast. Vessels proceeding to and from the Baltic necessarily approached the coast of Jutland, particularly in an age when the ignorance of mariners led to their considering the vicinity of land in the light of a protection. Shipwrecks were consequently of frequent occurrence there, and were generally turned to the profit of the nobility, who were proprietors not only of the maritime districts, but of the persons of the peasantry. The practice was to collect in the vicinity of a wreck such a number of the inhabitants as to prevent the captain or mariners from opposing the seizure of the merchandise. Even bishops residing on the coasts, though humane in their treatment of the crews, did not scruple to aid in taking forcible possession of the cargo; so crude were in those days the notions of justice towards merchants. It is a remarkable fact that a law, passed by the Danish parliament, at the express desire of the king, in 1521, for the prevention of such practices, was abrogated and publicly burned, at the instance of the nobles and clergy, a few years after, when a new sovereign had succeeded to the crown. Still more atrocious was the custom, in some countries, of setting up false lights or beacons in the night on dangerous coasts, so as to lure ships to destruction. The north coast of Cornwall, between the borders of Devonshire and the Land's End, is a very dangerous part of our coast, where the wrecking of ships occurs with terrible frequency. The annual 'wreck-chart' always shews on this coast a lamentable number of the black dots used to denote wrecks. The Cornish wreckers used to be talked of as almost equivalent to the whole body of inhabitants of that coast, and as men who plundered wrecked ships unmercifully. The accusation having been more than once made against them in modern times, by writers who did not consider how much the habits and customs in those as in other matters have gradually changed, Mr Cyrus Redding took up the defence of the Cornishmen a few years ago, in his *Cornwall in the Nineteenth Century*.

'Nothing can be more untrue,' said he, 'than the charge of Cornish barbarity, since in no part of England do shipwrecked persons meet with greater kindness; though it is but seldom that this kindness can be put to the test by the escape of any animated being to experience it.' After citing some examples of this kindness, he proceeds: 'Vessels break up almost as soon as they touch the shore, which for miles is strewn with portions of the cargo and timbers; these the country people pick up, and the finders too often appropriate. It is from this circumstance that the Cornishmen have been accused of barbarity and wreck-plundering. The vulgar had a notion formerly that the property saved from shipwreck belonged to any one on board that survived, and if no one survived, to anybody who might pick it up from the beach. They were taught by a claim of some lord of the manor in former times (one no more just than their own) that the ship and cargo were not the property of the owner; and they thought what they secured floating upon the sea, or strewn on their own land, they might appropriate as justly as a claimant under feudal usages.' Mr Redding considers that what degree of plundering there may at one time have been prevalent on the Cornish coast, is traceable to the imitation of that which was done by their betters in feudal times. Pope had the old usage in view when he wrote the sarcastic line,

And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Ordinary folks are as little able in this case, as in that of treasure-trove, to see at once that they have no real right to what they pick up: they still admire the old saying, 'finding is keeping.' When the

dreadful wreck of the *Royal Charter* took place on the coast of Wales, on the 26th October 1859, involving the loss of between four and five hundred souls, an immense amount of treasure, the property of Australian gold-diggers, went to the bottom with the hapless ship. The greater part of this treasure was recovered by divers, acting for the owners of the vessel and the insurers of the cargo; but some was washed on shore. The correspondent of one of the newspapers said: 'We saw a number of persons busily looking among the stones, and when they were asked what they were looking for, they replied: "For gold." We were told that one man had picked up a bag containing a hundred sovereigns, and that altogether two or three hundred pounds had been picked up. The whole of the money found was handed over to the Custom-house agent, who took the names of the finders. I saw a man bringing two sovereigns, and he seemed to part with the money very unwillingly. A photographic likeness was picked up by a man who was about to appropriate it to himself, when he was observed, and was obliged to hand it over to the Custom-house agent.' By a recent act of parliament, presently to be noticed, the finders are to be rewarded if they voluntarily give up wrecked treasure, and punished if they do not—the reward and the punishment being equally intended to enforce the law that the treasure does not belong to the finder.

There are certain special tenures of land which give the landowner or lord of the manor a certain right to any unclaimed property found there; and if the manor extends to the sea-shore, a similar claim is valid concerning wreck. Hence there are complicated technicalities in reference to many cases of shipwreck. The barbarous word *flotsam*—neither Latin nor Anglo-Saxon, nor anything else—is applied to such portion of the wreck of a ship as continues floating on the surface of the water; *jetsam* is that which, being heavier, sinks to the bottom; while *ligan* is that which, though heavy enough to sink, is recoverable and identifiable by means of a floating buoy. These three kinds all belong to the king or queen, provided no claimant applies for them within twelve months. They do not, however, constitute *wreck*; this latter, in law-phraseology, is such wrecked property as is thrown on shore. Where 'wreck' has not been granted to lords of manors as a royal franchise, it comes under the operation of statute law. But how about the *mud*: is it land or water? If this question were not settled, perpetual wrangles might arise; for twice every day, at low water, a strip of mud, sand, or shingle is laid bare, to be covered again with water at high tide. This, like many other matters in practical life, has been arranged by a compromise. If wreck is found on this foreshore, this strip between the high and low water marks, it belongs to the Queen, if found when the tide is in, but not if the tide is not. There is a curious case recorded in the law-books, under the technical title, 'The King v. 49 Casks of Brandy.' A ship was wrecked, and forty-nine casks of brandy were recovered from it, unclaimed by the former owners. The crown and the lord of the manor put in their claims; and after a very nice investigation, the casks were classed in certain groups—those which were picked up beyond three miles from the shore; those floating within three miles; those on the wet foreshore; those on the dry foreshore; those which had taken the ground on the foreshore, but had been 'bumped about' by the tide, sometimes floating, and sometimes not; and those which had fairly reached dry land. The first three classes were at once awarded to the crown; the fourth and sixth to the lord of the manor; while the fifth, the casks 'bumped about,' troubled the big-wigs a little, and the crown gave them up to the lord of the manor, to save further time and trouble, rather than as an abandonment of the principle of the claim.

The Merchant Shipping Act, passed in 1854, gives

a definite direction to the old usages respecting wreck. The Board of Trade appoints 'Receivers of Wreck,' empowered to control all the arrangements at the scene where a ship has been wrecked. By-standers are encouraged to render all possible assistance in saving life, ship, or cargo; and the receiver decides how much reward they ought to have for so doing. As far as can be done, the reward so named is claimable from the owner of the ship; but in some cases it is paid, wholly or in part, out of the Mercantile Marine Fund. This fund is made up of many items—certain fees received by the Board of Trade for examinations and registries connected with merchant-ships; light-house dues accruing from various quarters; rates accruing from lastage and ballastage in the Thames; and fees derived through the receivers of wreck. The fund thus collected is appropriated to the payment of the salaries of examiners, surveyors, and receivers; expenses in regard to light-houses, buoys, beacons, lastage, and ballastage; and rewards to persons who assist in saving wrecked ships, crews, passengers, or cargo. The officers employed by the Board are conversant with the laws which determine the disposal of unclaimed wreck—so much to the crown, so much to the lord of the manor—and the restoration of the property saved to the proper owner, when there is no doubt as to his identity.

#### OUR HOME CORRESPONDENT BECOMES COMMERCIAL AND MEDIAEVAL.

ONE of the worst features of the otherwise noble profession of Literature is, that it is apt to lead one into indifferent company. A man may, indeed, be a very painstaking theological writer without falling into this temptation, and there are other positions in the literary army—in 'the siege-train which carries the learned quotations,' for instance—where there is nothing of the kind to fear; but the light horsemen, the Home Correspondents, whose mission it is to hang on the skirts of the world as it moves on, and report its progress, must needs be exceeding circumspect. A barrister may sit in his rooms at Lincoln's Inn from morn to eve, and nothing worse than an attorney may ever disturb him; and, indeed, I have known barristers without even that interruption; but we, the butterflies of the press, are always being enticed from our studious retirement by some flaunting flower. Gentle reader, I pray thee do not misunderstand me. I should rather say, perhaps, that some gorgeous Ephemeral in the shape of a gentleman with nothing to do, is always 'looking us up,' as he calls it, and begging us to come, with him to this, that, and the other entertainment of a more or less frivolous kind. We are not supposed to need time for reflection or preparation; it is held that we do no work; or that when we work, we only play, like the fountains in the garden of the Palace of Crystal. Our jets of wit and humour are thought to burst spontaneously forth, after the manner of a Michigan oil-well. This is not quite the case, upon my honour. Hair torn out by the handful, ends of finger-nails, pens chewed spasmodically down to their quills—such rather are the dreadful tokens which but too often herald the advent of a *jeu-d'esprit*. The throes having subsided, we assume a calm demeanour, and refit; nobody knows what we have suffered; and the world, who appreciates the really elegant little thing in its perfect and published state, remarks: 'What a particularly easy and agreeable style has Jones! One cannot imagine how he contrives, not being an electric battery, to throw off such unceasing scintillations.'



Being interrupted in the secret practice of our profession, then, is inconvenient enough, yet we are constantly subject to such intrusion; and what is worse, the unwelcome visitor is, as I have said, almost always bent not only upon making us idle, but on leading us into dissipation. The habits of this Home Correspondent are naturally what would be called morbidly domestic. Give him his Hooker (by which I mean his favourite divine of that name) and a bottle of lemonade or ginger-beer, if the weather is oppressive, and he demands no other pleasures. Conceive an individual of this mental disposition being importuned by a mercurial friend (in a white hat) to accompany him to Cremorne Gardens to see the Tournament! Of course, this man was Mr Richard Sergeant, already known to the intelligent (and retentive) reader as having persuaded the H. C. to welcome his Princess to this metropolis from the summit of a flight of movable steps. No person who had not combined the advantage of being educated as a lawyer, and of following the life of a man of pleasure, would have ventured upon such a (words have scarcely sufficient force to express my meaning)—such an offensive anomaly; nobody, I say, who did not possess a gigantic effrontery, would have made such a proposition to me. My answer was dignified and decided.

'Libertine,' observed I calmly, ringing the bell for the servant to shew him the door, 'avaunt!' But the servant, who is used to the habits of this dreadful man, and misunderstood my summons, brought up a pint bottle of Bass's pale ale and an anchovy biscuit; so he sat down, and lunched.

'Now, why won't you come to the Tournament, you charming old humbug?' reiterated this intruder, made more audacious by refreshment.

'Sir,' observed I haughtily, 'I am not aware that you have any right to ask me my reasons.'

'No right at all, my amiable friend; on the contrary, I consider it quite a privilege. Now, come, confess, are your scruples moral or pecuniary? If it's the expense, why I've got a free-ticket; here it is—a beautiful thing bound in green, with the royal arms in gold at the back of it—which will admit us both.'

'Dear me,' replied I; 'let me look at it. So you are on the free-list at Cremorne, are you? What entertainment do you give in return? You are too stout for the tight-rope, too small for the Giant—why, my dear Dick, you must be the Dogs and Monkeys.'

'I dare say you think that very funny,' remarked my companion as though he didn't at all agree with me, if I did; for, as is not unusual with persons addicted to lively sallies against their friends, Dick always receives any approach to repartee with considerable gloom.

'I really beg your pardon,' said I.

'Oh, I am not annoyed, sir; nothing puts me out, I assure you; and certainly not witless buffoonery.'

'That's a good fellow,' said I; 'and besides, I was mistaken; I know now why you get your admission free.'

'Well, why?' inquired Dick, with the colour of his intelligent countenance a little heightened.

'Oh, it's of no consequence,' replied I; 'you must know yourself, so what's the good of my telling you? I am thankful for your obliging offer; but if I did go to Cremorne at all, I'd rather pay at the doors.'

'O dear me, we have an objection to go to Cremorne at all, have we! Immaculate child of Literature! spotless elevator of the masses! If the

tournament was held in Exeter Hall, then you would not hesitate to witness it?'

'Just so,' said I. 'Good-morning.'

'And have we *always* entertained these strict opinions?' inquired my mocking visitor. 'Did we *always* prefer tea and bread and butter, with water-cresses for a relish, to cutlets and still champagne?'

'Not always,' said I cheerfully; 'but ever since Wednesday night, at the Olympic Theatre'—

'Oh, we still go to plays, do we? We are not perfect even yet.'

'At the Olympic Theatre, on Wednesday night, sir,' reiterated I severely, 'I received a most admirable social lesson from Mr Tom Taylor's *Ticket-of-Leave Man*. He not only teaches the whole world to be charitable and just to the Erring, but he incidentally addresses himself to the Fast—and Loose. The opening scene of that striking drama represents a London Tea-garden; it is there that the unfortunate Brierly, as honest a young man as myself, is led to his ruin, and made to pass forged bank-notes by his dissolute companion, who, by the by, wore a white hat— Good-morning, my dear fellow; I was afraid you would not be able to stay long.'

Sergeant had run down stairs before I had finished my sentence, but I put my head out of window, and caught his ear again. 'You asked why you possessed that season-ticket to Cremorne, my dear fellow. I beg your pardon'— My companion had run almost into the arms of some respectable friend of his; an old gentleman, I should think, from the warmth with which Dick greeted him, who was likely to benefit him after death; so I waited till their conference was ended, to impart my information in a clear and audible voice. 'It must be because you are one of the waiters, Dick; I remember you now perfectly. You kept us once an hour and a half waiting for dinner in one of those alfresco bowers, which Patience should make her residence instead of the monument allotted to her by the poet. I gave you one-and-four.'

It cannot be denied that this Home Correspondent got the best of that little encounter with his enemy, and he returned to his Hooker, in consequence, in the highest spirits. But it was fated that a return-match should come off with the same person in which this favourite of the public cut a rather inglorious figure. I never could draw—never—although considerable sums of money have been wasted in teaching me that accomplishment; but if there is one kind of drawing at which I am less expert than another, it is the drawing of dividends. An individual whose profession is Literature has seldom much practice of this kind; and as far as I myself am concerned, I might transact all my business at the Bank upon a Sunday as well as any other day in the week. However, it once entered into the head of a friend—whom let me here call Crotchety, although for one of his whims and caprices that is quite a flattering title—to make me trustee for a young friend of his. There was another trustee, of course, to do all the work, and I lent my moral influence with the tacit understanding that no other aid should be asked for. Imagine, then, the disturbance of my mind when I got a letter from this Co. of mine, who was everything in the business, to say that he was going abroad for months, and that I was to draw the July dividend.

'Nothing is easier,' wrote he: 'the sum is L.3853, 2s. 1d., and my name comes first: you know the stock.'

Nothing easier! Why, I could not even understand his words. His name came first! Where, when? And why was he so ludicrously precise about the sum? Why mention the two-and-a-penny—upon which the July dividend must be surely inappreciable. Know the stock? Of course I knew the stock; and a very sweet-smelling and inexpensive plant it is. And yet he could scarcely mean a wall-flower. It

must be something to do with the securities, or the investments, or the bonds, or the liabilities, or the mortgages, or the bills at sight, of that embarrassing young female, Miss Cecilia Crotchet, for whom I was co-trustee. I dimly remembered to have signed certain documents of an extraordinarily wordy character, after a capital luncheon at her uncle's, who thanked me for doing so with a cordiality greater, as it seemed to me, than the occasion demanded; but as for remembering the name of the particular property which had won the confidence of the young lady and her advisers, it was really not to be done. I turned to the *Money Market and City Intelligence* column of the *Times* newspaper, to see whether there was anything suggestive there; perhaps I should recognise the forgotten investment, if I came upon its title.

'In the Stock Exchange,' began that mysterious article, 'the supply of money continues abundant.' What a charming place, then, that must be. Why did not my respected guardian place me in the Stock Exchange, and curb my early propensities for light literature with a more rigid hand? If I was to bite his ear off (as the classical youth, when led to execution, bit off the ear of his too indulgent mother), it would only be what he deserved. How much better would it be to be 'bearing' and 'bulling' on that Tom Tiddler's ground, than bearing and being bullied as an unfortunate Home Correspondent! 'Exchequer bills left off at 1s. dis., to 2s. pm.' Did they? then they seem not to have made up their minds whether they would be calculated as cab-fares, or by the railway time-tables. One shilling distance, means a shilling a mile, I suppose; and then two shillings post meridian—what does that mean, I wonder? 'In the share-market yesterday, dulness was the prevailing feature.' Well, I am not surprised at that. 'In British mines, Wheal Ludcott declined.' Who's he, I wonder, and what did he object to? 'Wheal Mary Anne'—come, that looks like a young lady's investment—'Wheal Mary Anne improved  $\frac{1}{2}$ .' That seems very odd; a young lady improving a quarter. Which quarter, might I ask? or perhaps she was at a finishing-school, and has done credit to her 'extras' during the last three months. In the Market for Foreign Securities, 'Mexican closed at the flat price of 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ .' Opinions differ, but I should call L.36, 12s. 6d. a good round sum. 'Spanish Passive is unaltered  $\frac{1}{2}$ .' That I am prepared for: I believe it has so remained ever since the time of the Armada. 'Portuguese (old)'—have I got among the wine-lists?—'49 $\frac{1}{2}$ . 48 *ex die*.' This is evidently some expression bequeathed by the Romans. 'The demand for rum continues without improvement.' Now, what do they mean by that? I hope they do not want people to drink more rum. 'Rice is unchanged.' That I am sorry for; for I think rice is one of the things that might improve itself; I think it might acquire a little taste of its own, for instance, and not be so entirely dependent upon strawberry jam to make it palatable. 'Mule-twist is quiet.' This sounds almost too good to be true; it is a contradiction in terms, if it means anything.

It is one of the weaknesses of business-men, that, never having been well grounded in literature, they are not able to express themselves with lucidity. I had learned nothing from this *City Intelligence* whatever; and I took my way to the Bank after those dividends with great misgivings.

I dare say that gentlemen unaccustomed to Business have observed for themselves the refined good-nature and willing courtesy with which they have been always assisted by those who understand it, and whose calling it is. They have been touched by the grace with which a bank-clerk helps them out of a difficulty, and especially by his reassuring manner, which sets them so immediately at ease. I found all this in perfection at the Bank of England. Seriously, I do beg to submit to the directors of that establishment, that twopence a week for manners would not

be an extravagant sum to set apart out of their gains for the benefit of each of their *employés*. It is enormously to the credit of country gentlemen, and others unacquainted with mercantile transactions, that no dividend clerk has ever yet been thrashed at his own counter. I would cheerfully have given the sum of L.5, out of the money I received in behalf of Miss Cecilia Crotchet, to have seen that ceremony well carried out in the case of the man who presided over my ledger. I did not find him very easily, because I got into the Bullion Department by mistake, and there remained, fairly fascinated by its golden music, until I attracted the polite attention of a policeman in plain clothes; then I naturally went to the dividend counter, which bore my own initials instead of that of my co-trustee, whereby, I believe, I intensified suspicion. Finally, I gave in the number of pounds without the two-and-a-penny, and was peremptorily informed that 'It wouldn't do.' I was about to state the whole history of the connection between myself, Mr Crotchet, Miss Cecilia Crotchet, and my co-trustee, when the clerk informed me that I had made a mistake in the place of application, and had better take a Hansom to Bethlehem Hospital at once.

At the very moment when I was meditating a suitable reply to this sarcasm, my eye fell upon Mr Richard Sergeant. He was at the wrong extremity of a tail of persons who were detained opposite one of the ledgers by a very persevering but unintelligent female, who was demanding 'seven-and-six,' and announcing her intention of not going until she got it. I ran up to him with the most genial warmth, and a determination to forget and forgive all that had passed between us at our last interview. He did not at first meet me in the same beautiful spirit of reconciliation. 'You want something, my friend,' he observed with frigidity.

'Only a renewal of your affectionate regard,' said I; 'and this little matter of Miss Crotchet's dividend.'

Then he took me back to the repulsive clerk, and made us both sign various documents, which eventually put me into possession of a piece of paper like the *London Gazette*, which, it seems, was all I had come for. The old lady, however, was by no means so fortunate, but still continued her importunities, until, at Dick's suggestion, 'the tail'—to whom time was money—actually subscribed the sum of seven-and-sixpence among themselves, and sent her away with it in the highest spirits. It struck us afterwards that perhaps that respectable female had anticipated the payment of this ransom from the beginning, and had never owned any stock at all; but in any case she deserved a reward for her pertinacity.

'And now,' said Sergeant, 'you will come to the Tournament; you will not refuse a man who has saved you from perhaps a felon's jail. They began to have the darkest suspicions of you, I do assure you. That policeman has got his eye upon you yet.'

'Sergeant,' said I, 'I would willingly die for you, but I cannot commit an impropriety; I cannot go to'—

'Stop!' cried he; 'consider your moral influence. I am going to Cremona this day with two other men of no better principles than myself. Now, will you not be our guide, philosopher, and friend—in other words, our *chaperon*?'

This was certainly giving the whole affair a different complexion. 'You said you can take me in for nothing,' said I, reflectively.

'For nothing,' said he; 'and we shall be delighted to pay for your cab.' Under these circumstances, I thought that too severe a determination would be out of place. A Tournament was not only in itself an innocent amusement, but one which does not come in the way of a Home Correspondent every day. Moreover, I had always entertained a passion for deeds of chivalry. In the whole range of fiction, there is no incident so exciting, in my opinion, as that in the lists

of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, when Ivanhoe rides up amid the well-meant advice of the populace, that he should 'touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—he has the less sure seat,' and strikes 'with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again.' I expected to see this enacted at Cremorne. I anticipated that horse and man would be hurled to the ground, and turn several times over in the saw-dust. I don't complain, because I had a free-ticket; but I think that persons who paid half-a-crown have a right to murmur.

There was the fanfaronade of trumpets sounding to the onset; there was wild and martial music breathing defiance to all-comers; but nothing came of it. The whole spectacle was thoroughly mediæval, down to the jokes of the clowns. I never saw anything half so good in a circus—never. The Queen of Beauty would have inspired me to set lance in rest against a hundred Paynims. The pages were charming, especially one in blue—a page out of the blue-book, as Sergeant called her. There were Scottish henchmen bearing gigantic bread-knives, who were all that could be desired, and more. There were Poles (for every nation under heaven was represented as accurately as propriety permitted), with scythes for mowing men. It was really a fine spectacle, as indeed a spectacle should be wherein the performers out-number the lookers-on. But still it was a tournament without the tilting—the tragedy of Hamlet without that interesting young Dane.

I am rather doubtful, however, as to whether the armour would have stood any real jousting—especially the new armour. There were some suits which gave one quite the idea that Mr E. T. Smith had plundered the Tower; but there were others evidently made for the occasion, which had a suspicious glitter about them. They looked as if they had been constructed out of the lining of a meat-screen; they may have been pure silver, but I have my doubts. One thing, however, was abundantly clear, that armour, however gorgeous, could never have been becoming. Man is not adapted for a shell, like a tortoise. I protest that each individual knight looked as though he had a coal-scuttle on his head, with a rushlight shade fastened on to it by way of visor. Then how cumbersome, how hot such gear must have been! I don't wonder that the old saying of 'Motley is the only wear' should have arisen, for in the summer months, at least, it would have been far preferable to have been a clown than a knight of tourney. We moderns bewail the inconvenience of a hat and the oppression of evening-costume in the dog-days, but what should we have said to a suit of Milan steel! How could the crusaders have worn such things in Palestine, far less have fought in them! They were not particularly powerful men; at the Eglintoun Tournament, it was discovered that ancient armour was too small for modern limbs; what endurance, what pluck, then, must those warriors of the Cross have possessed!

I cannot say much for the amusements of the middle ages, as represented at Cremorne. I believe *Aunt Sally* to require quite as much skill in her votaries as did the *Dart and Target*. The *Quintain* (which we will not have the unfairness to compare for a moment with the sextant) is vastly inferior in science even to well-regulated *Croquet*; while as for *Tilting at the Ring*, you have only to secure a very slow horse, and the prize is your own. The danger in the last-named game is to the menial who puts the rings on, and seems to run about an even chance of having his eye poked out at every course.

Mr Richard Sergeant and his friends endeavoured to arouse the chivalrous element in these performers by shouting: 'Love of ladies, splintering of lances, stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds,' in the genuine mediæval manner, but without the slightest effect. One of them, a knight in green,

whom we named *Vert et tranquille*, from his want of ambition, winked, absolutely winked, through the bars of his helmet, and replied: 'Not if we know it,' speaking, I conclude, for self and charger.

I wonder what class of person is engaged for these knightly parts. Do volunteers present themselves fresh from the pages of Scott and James, who desire no remuneration beyond thus realising the dreams of their youth? Or are they mercenaries, Free-lances like Maurice de Bracy? In either case, I don't see why they should not tilt. If a man can be got to fight for a shilling a day, he can be surely persuaded to tilt for double that stipend. Nay, if the matter is merely a question of expense, why not make this magnificent spectacle a channel of advertisement? Let the more sprightly steeds bear scrolls at the edge of their trappings, such as:

*Do you bruise your oats?*

Or

*Feed on Thorley's Food for Cattle.*

The shining spear-heads might bear pennons:

*Happin Brothers is the Emporium for Tances, Anibers, and Razors;*

while the very bladders wielded by the jesters might inform the public that

*Kilpig's is the Shop for Yards!*

I throw these hints out with my usual lavish freedom, but they will doubtless prove invaluable to those whom they concern. Let us have, then, a genuine Tournament, in place of a make-believe, lest it be said that we have degenerated ever since that day of the lists of Eglintoun, where knights and nobles jousted in the rain; when Sir Campbell of Saddle, as Hook said, lost his family seat, and the mad thane of Waterford ran for once a steady course, and the present ruler of France (if I mistake not) kept his seat, as now, against all-comers.

#### A SAVAGE ARCHIPELAGO.

ONE of the most striking scenes in that most charming of books, the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, is the first gunfire in the forest, when all the feathered creatures rise and screech as at a performance truly awful and unparalleled. There is always something sublime about that which occurs for the first time, whether it be the first view of the sea, or the first whisper of love, or the first sight of Death, as it lays its ghastly finger on a fellow-creature. The most solemn and awe-inspiring of all scenes is perhaps an uninhabited island, upon which no foot, as far as you can tell, has been set by man before your own; a land which has been left to itself since God created it, and whereon the sun has risen morning after morning for countless ages, to gladden only bird and beast.

Opportunities of this sort are growing very rare; even such spectacles as men like Captain Cook beheld again and again—luxuriant lands inhabited by savages only, with scarce an idea beyond those implanted in the breasts of their earliest progenitors—are now only to be seen here and there. Commerce traverses every sea, and leaves her unmistakable mark wherever she touches. It is unusual, indeed, to find a nation so barbarous as to altogether isolate itself, and shrink from the stretched-out hand of Civilisation. Such cases, however, are even now to be met with. The Andaman Archipelago, in the Bay of Bengal, is an example of



this. The inhabitants of this group have ever shewn themselves not only untamable but unapproachable. The appearance of a ship in their harbours, no matter with what peaceful intent it may have come, has always driven the stunted but agile natives well-nigh frantic with rage. They have always enjoyed the reputation of being cannibals, and they do not wish any nearer intercourse to do away with the healthy awe which that rumour generally inspires. One and one only individual has had any personal experience of the Mincopie, as these exclusive people are called; a certain Brahmin Sepoy mutineer, who, being sent as a convict to the penal settlement established on the South Andaman in 1858, escaped, and fled to the natives, who did not eat him. His very curious adventures have been already detailed in this *Journal*, No. 325. Otherwise, absolutely nothing was known of them, nor, indeed, is known now, notwithstanding Dr Mouat's highly-interesting volume.\* He describes the place, but not the people; the Andamans, but not the Andamen. He was commissioned to survey those inhospitable shores, with a view to founding the penal colony, and he did his work well—so far as it went; he surveyed the shores. As for getting inland, notwithstanding his twelve Burmese convicts, accustomed to find their way in the dense and tangled jungles of their native land, and placed at his service as pioneers, and furnished with axes and boring-rods, it was not to be done. The trees were enormous, but yet so closely packed as to appear to be dwarfed for want of elbow-room. Their individual immensity† was hidden from view by the immense growth of parasites which twined about them, cramping them in their efforts to strike out their branches, which got tangled and involved among the overwhelming mass of foliage.

The great trunks were festooned with flowers and plants, which circled round them in endless forms, in all the unstudied grace and rich profusion of nature. The air-plant clasped the boles and branches in its graceful folds, and orchids of rarest beauty grew in lavish abundance. The variety of creepers was endless, from the twining tendrils of the convolvulus to the boa-constrictors of the forest, the dimensions of which were thick as the body of a full-grown man. The trunks and branches of the great trees were thus so completely interlaced, that even when severed from their roots, they were still maintained in their position by the grasp of their parasites. 'The mangroves, with their long hanging branches falling to the earth, and again taking root, grew in an almost impervious line of forest along the shore, and even projecting far into the water, at high tide; we penetrated their shady recesses, and found ourselves protected from the dazzling rays of a burning sun by the thick foliage, forming beautiful arches, beneath the shade of which we felt as though we were housed in some fairy bower of the most delightful evergreens. At low tide, their gnarled roots were seen spreading to an endless distance along the ground, and so closely and intricately interlaced together, that any one could walk securely upon them, the footing they afforded was so close and firm.' As far as the eye could see,

extended an ocean of vegetation, the closeness of which may be inferred from the fact, that not only the lithe Burmese, but the robust English walked without the assistance of their hands almost to the tops of the very tallest trees, the path they took being over the trunks of the creepers. 'To the very verge of the horizon, this astonishing exuberance of vegetation extended. All that we heard was the rustling of innumerable leaves, slightly moved by the gentle breeze of evening; all that we saw was this ocean of green, in which not even an opening the size of a man's hand could be discovered after the longest, closest, and most searching observation.' Nature has thus wondrously seconded the Mincopie in their desire for isolation.

Ships were often driven by stress of weather upon these islands, but rarely left them, if they left them at all, without some of their crews being captured, and dragged into the interior, to encounter some unknown fate. One vessel absolutely witnessed the going to pieces of her consort upon this dreadful shore, and although the crew of the latter were seen to reach the land, not one of them escaped from the aborigines. A very curious adventure, with no such tragical end, happened in this archipelago in 1844. 'Two troop-ships, the *Briton* and the *Runnymede*, with detachments of the 50th and 80th regiments of foot on board, were driven close to the islands by stress of weather; and all the means that were taken either to keep them out at sea, or to obtain timely entrance into a secure haven, proving unsuccessful, they were driven hopelessly, at the mercy of the waves, towards the shore of one of the islands of the Andaman Archipelago, where, despite all the efforts that were made to avert such a fate, it appeared impossible to avoid utter destruction. According to all accounts, the night was intensely dark, and, from the impossibility of making out where they were, their position appeared hopeless. The tempest, too, before which they were driven was one of those tremendous hurricanes, the fury of which mariners must occasionally face in navigating these tropical seas. Most must have seen that an ocean-death was their unavoidable doom, for what hope could men entertain, driven before a tempest loud enough almost to wake the dead, and in a darkness so intense that they could not see each other's faces, or their own hands held up close before their eyes? In one of the ships, on board of which was the narrator of this calamity, the deck was crowded with bands of soldiers, useless in such circumstances; to move was impracticable, and the men were therefore sent to their berths, to await in silence and resignation what appeared to be their certain doom, for from the dashing noise caused by the terrific strife of the elements, no human sound could be heard. The soldiers, seeing that their fate was to all appearance inevitable, submitted with the implicit obedience of military discipline, and each one was allowed to give himself up to those meditations with which he thought it most becoming to meet death. Suddenly, what appeared to be a tremendous lurch was made by the vessel, then all movement ceased. After a moment of anxious expectation, a deep awe fell upon every one, for it was believed that the doomed ship was foundering. This, however, was a mistake. The vessel remained still and motionless, as if suddenly arrested in her headlong career to destruction. Most thought that daylight would never appear to them again, and yet with what trembling anxiety was it awaited by all! Those only who have lived through such a night of peril can imagine what their feelings must have been—the

\* *Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders*, by Frederic Mouat.

† One of these trees was selected at random for measurement. A Burmese convict was sent up with a chain to the top, and its measurement there being taken, it was found to be seventy-six feet in girth, its mighty stem being supported by the smaller trees around, which propped it up as a buttress.

alternations of hope and despair that by turns reigned paramount. The first streak of dawn enabled them to see a sight the reality of which they could scarcely credit, so different was it from all they had imagined—from the appalling death they had dreaded. The vessel appeared to be surrounded, not by an ocean of waves, but by an ocean of leaves. The branches of the giants of the primeval forests, interlaced with each other, spread over the deck of the motionless ship, which, as they afterwards discovered, had been driven right over a dangerous reef into that interminable jungle, in the midst of which there is safety even from the mighty force of the tornado. Presently the curtain of night was altogether withdrawn by the rosy fingers of morning. The spars of another vessel, hard and fast on the outer edge of the reef, were perceived, and unspeakable was their joy when her decks were seen to be crowded by the daring warriors who afterwards shared with them the scarcely less deadly perils of the great battle-fields of the Sutlej. Although the troops on board these ships were some hundreds in number, yet the natives did not hesitate to attack them, and effected considerable damage with their long arrows.

The ample vegetation which was the means of safety in the above case, is one of the causes which render these islands almost uninhabitable; the *miasmata* from their fetid swamps have proved fatal to at least one colony which strove to take away the reproach of primeval barbarity from the Andamans. The settlement at Port Cornwallis, established in 1792, on the North Andaman, was abandoned after four years' struggle with disease. Captain Blair, who commanded that expedition, was inclined somewhat to excuse the excessive hostility of the natives, upon the ground of their ill treatment at the hands of the Malays, with whose kidnapping propensities they, in his charitable view, associated all strange faces whatsoever. In the rare interviews with which he was favoured by them, wherein arrows were not the sole medium of communication on their side, they certainly evinced a great disinclination to be approached too nearly, or to have their retreat into the jungle at all cut off. He captured one of them in a skirmish, and treated him with every kindness, giving him luxuries which he could never have imagined in his dreams. But no sooner did an opportunity to escape present itself, than off went the savage, plunging into the sea and swimming to shore in his newly-acquired habiliments of jacket and trousers. His Minicopie friends, standing with bent bows, as usual, upon the beach, were at first inclined to welcome him in their usual homicidal fashion; but when he flung off his clothes, and appeared like themselves *in puris naturalibus*, he was warmly welcomed, as, indeed, a brand snatched from the burning—one of nature's gentlemen who had been within a very little of becoming a civilised being. They put on their full-dress suit at night, like the fashionable world among ourselves, and it consists of a thick covering of yellow earth, which dries hard upon their body, and defends them from the mosquitoes and other abominable creatures which are the unfailling drawbacks of luxuriant vegetation and tropical scenery. This is their only notion of attire. Widowed ladies, instead of wearing crape in memory of their deceased husbands, suspend their skulls around their necks. This is their only notion of ornament. Hostile as these aborigines were found to be, yet they were not so formidable as the climate, before which, as I have said, the settlers under Captain Blair had to succumb. The laws of health and sickness were not then so thoroughly understood as now, and the pestilence walked in the noonday as at night invisible to their unpractised eyes. An immense salt-marsh, in the direction of the prevailing winds, was discovered by Dr Mouat to be the cause of the evil. The bottom of it was left uncovered by the tide twice in every twenty-four hours, and disclosed such a dark, muddy,

festering mass of vegetable compound as was sufficient to impregnate the atmosphere far and wide with disease and death. The doctor recommended for the new penal colony Port Blair, in the South Andaman, rather than Port Cornwallis, but he believes that modern agricultural science could transform the marsh itself into a scene of harmless fertility.

The fetid swamp that separates the North from the Middle Andaman will, however, be probably a destroyer of life until the end of time. Dr Mouat held it his duty to discover whether, with the light draught of the ship's cutter, a passage could not be found through it, but the expedition was dangerous indeed. Wherever they chanced to be stationed off these islands, both officers and men took large doses of quinine with their breakfasts; but upon the occasion in question, these doses were doubled in the case of the crew of the cutter, and a large supply of excellent grog was taken on board. Nothing could exceed the natural beauties of the position which the ship occupied prior to the departure of these brave men, into what they well knew might be the very jaws of death. They had been trying experiments of the effects of sound on the previous night; the firing of a cannon had evoked a volume of thunder quite overwhelming, reverberating fourteen times, and dying away in a grand hushed murmur; while the flash had lit up, 'with an effulgence that displayed every object clearly and distinctly, as if it had been evoked from the womb of mystery by some magician's wand,' one of the most glorious scenes on earth. It was in this locality, too, that, looking over the sides of the ship, they gazed on the magnificent illumination of the coral-banks, 'which, it is no exaggeration to say, transcended in lustre and beauty all we had ever seen described in the most alluring of fairy tales.' The members of the swamp expedition, however, were bound for another scene. The water through which they had to pass was so putrid, and the exhalations arising from it so nauseous, that with every dip of the oar they grew deadly sick. They actually rowed through sixteen miles of this abomination; at last the mangrove swamps became 'so fetid, that,' says Dr Mouat, 'it is fortunate for our readers I have no language adequately to describe it.' The water, too, grew thicker and thicker, more pervaded with deadly decaying vegetable matter, until it was nothing but mud, the foulest in appearance it is possible to imagine. It was with considerable difficulty that they got their boat round, and weary indeed was their journey back. 'We hailed the sight of our ship and the open water like men delivered from purgatory.'

The intercourse, if it deserve the name, between Dr Mouat and his men and the aborigines was of a most unsatisfactory character. Civilisation was anxious enough to shake hands, but Barbarism resented all her advances. The first appearance of the steamer seemed absolutely to paralyse them with astonishment; and when they had succeeded in shaking off their torpor, their conversation and gestures became animated beyond all description; but as soon as they perceived there were Men on board, this wonder, every other sentiment seemed merged in hatred, in defiance. They yelled like demons from the pit, and by every possible contortion of savage pantomime, displayed their hostile feelings. Every attempt at ingratiating on the part of the visitors terminated in a skirmish; every present was mistaken for a snare, every gesture translated into an insult. In one of these broils, Dr Mouat's party captured an Andaman about two-and-twenty years of age. The subsequent history of this young gentleman—who was of course christened by the sailors Jack—is so pathetic, that if the voyage of the *Pluto* had ended in nothing else save in supplying us with that romance, we should scarcely regret that it was undertaken.

Jack did not take to his new messmates kindly at first, but the medium of conciliation was at length

found in the unconscious person of a Newfoundland dog, who, as the friend of both parties, induced at length a genuine friendship. The Andaman had never seen any quadruped larger than a wild pig, but Carlo's manners inspired confidence. It was evidently with a sad heart, however, that the poor islander watched from the deck the gradual disappearance of his native shores, when the ship took her final departure; and the face that had once seemed entirely possessed by hostile passion, became sad and wistful enough. On the *Pluto's* reaching Calcutta, Lord Canning, who was delighted with Dr Mouat's report of the feasibility of a penal colony being established at Port Blair, expressed a great desire to see the living specimen she had brought home from the almost unknown archipelago. Jack was accordingly attired in a becoming manner, and taken to Government House, where he attempted to salute Lady Canning in the native manner, 'by blowing in her hand with a cooing murmur'; an attention which she kindly but firmly declined. His great delight was contemplating his figure in the great looking-glasses; repeating to himself, with a leer and a chuckle: 'Jack, Jack'; and then bursting into a roar of laughter. So great, however, was the change soon produced in the young Minicopie, that when the doctor wanted to take a photograph of him in his native costume—that is, without any attire whatever—he was greatly shocked, and required a great deal of persuasion.

His expression of countenance, never absolutely truculent, like that of his fellow-countrymen in general, became, under kind treatment, gentle and benevolent. He was indeed quite a mild young man, 'regular in his habits,' and such as we read of as advertising for a home in a quiet family where there is a little music. He was excessively partial to tea; and fond of babies, whenever a mother could be got to intrust her little offspring to his arms, which was, however, not very often, the reputation of his race for cannibalism having slightly prejudiced female society against him. A man on horseback filled him with that profound admiration which we should entertain for any considerable creature with two heads and six legs. When the man got off the horse, however, his wonder transcended all bounds. He rubbed his hand along the animal's back, with the view of discovering the place where the spontaneous disruption had taken place; and when the horse yawned—that was evidently the most astonishing performance which the eye of Minicopie had ever beheld. Nothing, however, could be got out of him in relation to his former mode of life. He was taken down to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Steam Dépôt, in order to see if he knew any of the African dialects spoken by the sable frequenters of that emporium; but he understood none of them, and none of them understood him. He became, however, and for that very reason, perhaps, a great favourite, for nobody could help pitying and sympathising with his isolated state, and many a heart was sad when poor Jack was struck down by cholera. He recovered from the attack itself; but every remedy having failed to restore him to his former vigour, it was humanely decided to send him back, as his last chance of recovery, to his native air. Arrangements were therefore made by which he was set on shore at the same spot where he had been captured, in order that he might stand the best chance of being recognised by his former friends. In deference to their peculiar views concerning wearing apparel, he was stripped, with his own consent, and his clothes left by his side upon the shore. He took an affectionate leave of all who accompanied him, appearing very dejected and low; the crew of the boat were unwilling enough, too, to say good-bye. Nobody appeared to claim him; but after taking a last farewell, they rowed out to the ship, gradually losing sight of him still standing

silent and melancholy in the same place. Barbarism and Civilisation seemed alike to have deserted him. Nothing more was ever seen or heard of poor Jack of the Andamans.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL societies and associations, taking advantage of fine summer weather, are, or have been holding their meetings in interesting places in different parts of the kingdom. The Kentish gathering met at Penshurst, a classic spot, on which Mr J. H. Parker delivered them an instructive lecture.—The Institute came together at Rochester, and made it their head-quarters during a busy week of exploration of antiquities around that pleasant neighbourhood. We are curious to learn whether they said anything new about Kit's Coty House, that venerable relic, under which, as we were once gravely assured by a hop-picker, 'witches used to be buried.'—The Midlanders took a peregrination into Shropshire, and visited Boscomb, a quiet old house, made memorable for all time by Charles II. having there found a hiding-place; and after dinner, one of the company read a paper on the escape of the 'merry monarch' from the battle of Worcester, an old story that bears repetition.—Such meetings as these do good. We wish there were more of them, for they combine instruction with recreation, and inspire a respect, if not a love, for objects of antiquity.

A great scheme is under consideration in the city for street improvements which is to effect many desirable changes. When once it is carried into execution, the steep ascent of Holborn will no longer weary the legs of horses, or vex the spirits of drivers. Ludgate Hill, in like manner, is to be mitigated: a broad street will afford a direct and convenient approach to St Paul's from Blackfriars; and instead of two bridges crowding the river side by side, one bridge is to be constructed to carry the railway and the street traffic. In addition to all this, more lines of underground railway are to connect the east and west of the metropolis, facilitate intercourse, and relieve the streets.—The complaint that London has too few striking architectural features, seems likely to grow weaker, for large and stately edifices are in course of erection, which will really embellish our thoroughfares. The long-neglected space in Victoria Street is being covered by the Westminster Chambers—a palace-like building, where professional men may find chambers and offices conveniently near to the Houses of Parliament; and the aristocratic monotony of Portland Place will soon be relieved by the handsome elevation of the *Langham Hotel*. Erelong, London will be provided with great hotels enough to furnish all the accommodation that can possibly be desired. One important desideratum remains, and that is a building in which royal receptions may take place in a manner befitting the dignity of the British court, and not, as at present, with crowding and confusion.

North London is about to rival the South by converting the old familiar Muswell Hill into Alexandra Park, where the attractions to the shilling-paying public are to equal those of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The site is a good one, with a wide and pleasing prospect; and if the Company should succeed in erecting thereon a considerable part of the doomed International Exhibition building, they will doubtless allure many thousands of the Londoners who dwell north of the Thames. They might conciliate public



opinion were they to announce at once that no Blondin exhibitions, such as that which terminated so fatally at Birmingham, should ever be held in the park named after the Princess of Wales. We would encourage the formation of parks, but not the enclosure of Epping Forest, with which we are officially threatened. To deprive Londoners of the free access which they at present enjoy to all parts of that wild delightful woodland region, would be little less than a calamity.

A scheme for imparting somewhat more of interest to the streets of the metropolis, has been suggested by Mr Ewart in the House of Commons: it is to identify the houses by a tablet or some other mark which have been the residences of eminent men. For instance, Milton once dwelt in the house now No. 19 York Street, Westminster; Newton lived in the house now known as the *Newton Hotel*, on the south of Leicester Square; Dryden died at 43 Gerrard Street; Prior lived in Duke Street, Westminster; Hogarth in part of the *Sablottière Hotel*, Leicester Square; and Sir Joshua Reynolds in a house on the western side of the same square—Johnson died at 8 Bolt Court, Fleet Street; Goldsmith, at 2 Brick Court, Temple; Gibbon, at No. 7 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square. Other examples might be given; but these will suffice to shew how many are the associations which might be revived in the minds of passers-by at the sight of a commemorative inscription.

The promoters of the scheme for the decimalisation of weights and measures contemplate the bringing in of a permissive bill next session, with which they hope to be more successful than with their last, which was intended to be obligatory. A permissive bill may perhaps pass; and as it would leave people free to find out the advantages of the new system for themselves, it is probable that experience would soon shew whether the advantages are as important as has been represented. But if the promoters wish to succeed, they must cease to talk about a portion of a great arc of meridian as their standard, and they must invent English names for their new weights and measures. Unless this be done, they can never hope that their scheme will be acceptable to the public at large.

The engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works has prepared drawings of the Thames Embankment, shewing the elevation as viewed from the river. It is not too much to remark, that the general effect will be magnificent, should the works be accomplished in the style shewn in the drawings, and that the quays of London will be the finest in the world. We may anticipate that one result will be a great improvement in the architecture of all the principal thoroughfares in connection with the Embankment.

Having been furnished with an inspection of the main-drainage works down to their outfalls on both sides of the Thames, we give here a few particulars concerning that mighty undertaking. The High-level Sewer on the north side of the Thames commences near Hampstead, and drains an area of fourteen square miles. It is placed at a depth of from twenty to twenty-six feet underground; is four feet six inches diameter at its upper, and twelve feet six inches diameter at its lower extremity. It has been in full work for more than a year; but in consequence of recent complaints about its fouling the river Lea, into which it flowed, the Board have ordered the erection of wooden channels in certain unfinished places, and it now discharges its contents into Barking Creek, thirteen miles down the Thames. The Middle-level Sewer begins at Kensall Green, and ends at Bow; and the Low-level Sewer, not yet begun, is to extend from Chelsea to the marshes below Stratford.

From Bow to Barking, owing to the low level of the land, the sewers are all above ground, forming three brick tunnels, each nine feet six inches diameter, running side by side on an embankment for four miles.

One takes the High-level Sewage, another is to receive that of the Middle-level, and into the third the sewage from the Low-level Sewer will be raised by pumping. The three streams will thence flow by their own gravity to the outfall at Barking. The scene at this point, where two thousand men are at work, is not easy to describe. Hundreds are digging a great excavation through the black alluvium, to open a way to the river; hundreds more are building and levelling the great reservoir, fourteen acres in extent, into which the whole mass of sewage will be poured from two great culverts. This reservoir, which is large enough to receive the drainage when London shall have grown to twice its present size, is open to the river: the tide will have free access every time it rises; and at a certain hour, the sewage will be let to flow in and mingle with the fourteen acres of water. Then, as the tide falls, the whole will flow away so quietly, that passengers on the river will scarcely perceive any difference in the appearance of Father Thames at that place.

In some respects, the description of the works on the north side will answer for those of the south, for the south has three great lines of sewers—High, Middle, and Low Level—starting severally at Dulwich, Clapham, and Putney. All three converge at Deptford, where a pumping-station has been erected, from which the three combined streams will flow through a tunnel, ten feet diameter, and eight miles long, to Crossness Point, above Erith, where, as on the north side, the discharge will be through a reservoir into the river. The outlets are constructed at such a depth in the bed of the stream that the surface of the water will shew but little sign of the great current of sewage flowing in underneath.

It is only by a sight of the works themselves that an adequate notion of their magnitude can be formed, of the special contrivances and adaptations which they involve, and of the little less than wonderful foresight which they necessitate. The total length of great sewers, reckoning both sides of the river, will be, when complete, fifty miles; in these and other structures, three hundred million bricks will have been used, and eight hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete; besides which, there are four million yards of earthwork. It is only while they are in progress that such works can be rightly estimated; for they are for the most part hidden underground; and before the end of next year, the great reservoir in which the Lords and Commons ate chicken, and tongue, and lobster salad, and drank champagne to the health of the active Metropolitan 'Board,' will be filled twice a day with the refuse of London.

In the history of all great works, the harmful effects of opposition are traceable, and that of the main drainage is no exception. The southern outfall, instead of turning aside to Crossness, might have been advantageously placed, by a short straight cut below a lower bend of the river, two miles beyond the present outfall. The gain upon two miles of tide to the success of the discharge, is obvious; but a land-proprietor opposed, and the advantage was lost. The ground of the opposition was the offensiveness of sewage; whereas, from the precautions taken, the discharge will scarcely be perceived as offensive: certainly much less so than the present artificial manure-factories dotted here and there along the banks of the Thames.

Before passing from this subject, we must again express our surprise that, provided with means and appliances as science now is, no successful attempt has yet been made to utilise the sewage of the great city. Hundreds of tons of fertilising matter are every day wasted, which, properly applied, would increase our crops of hay and corn. Perhaps the Board, when they shall have completed the task of getting rid of the sewage within the time prescribed by parliament, will turn their attention to that other important question, and carry it to a satisfactory conclusion.

With the reservoirs at the outfalls, they have the means of intercepting the waste, whenever chemical or mechanical science shall have achieved its separation and confirmed its utility.

By reports from India, we learn that the trigonometrical survey of the hill-country is still carried on under competent officers, and much valuable information has been obtained about the frontier territories. Geologists will be interested in the photographs that have been taken of stupendous glaciers and other mountain phenomena. It appears that further information may be obtained, by the adoption of measures suggested in the President's Address to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. 'The field of Captain Montgomerie's duties,' says the speaker, 'brings him in contact with traders and travellers who pass without question beyond our frontier, and who visit without risk those cities of Turkistan to which a European cannot safely penetrate. Why should we not do our best to turn the services of such men to account? Some among them are known to be partially competent and capable of being made more so, and by cautious training on our part, the ranks of such men may be increased.'

Other enterprising officers are travelling among the mountains. The great object with some is to penetrate Chinese Tartary; Captain Smyth aims at Lhasa; and a joint British and Burman expedition is to explore the Yunnan frontier, which has to be crossed on the way to China. The commercial treaty with Burmah is producing beneficial results to all parties; and we hear that steamers are to be placed on the great rivers above the falls and rapids, to assist in the exploration.

But the best news from India is that communicated by the Secretary of State to parliament. Two thousand five hundred miles of railway are in active operation; other great lines are in progress; the works and inclines by which the hills are crossed at Bhore Ghaut, are described as worth going all the way to India to see. In the course of next year, another similar crossing will be opened at Thull Ghaut. The money hitherto spent on Indian railways amounts to £46,000,000 out of £60,000,000, of which the expenditure has been sanctioned. That the railways when made are appreciated by the natives is proved by the fact, that in the year ending June 30, 1862, the number of third and fourth class passengers was 6,790,013; of second class, 299,820; of first class, 61,817.

The endeavours, which we have mentioned more than once, to establish plantations of the bark-tree in India, have been completely successful, the last doubt having been removed by experiment. The doubt was as to whether the trees would yield quinine in the same quantity as in their native South America. The experiment has been tried on trees of two years' growth, and quinine obtained in quantity as abundant as in Peru. According to the Report on the plantations published last March, there are now 146,548 cinchona plants in the Nilghiri Hills, of which 35,750 have been planted out. And it appears that other plantations are to be formed at Darjiling, on the slopes of the Himalaya.

Who is there that has not been puzzled when travelling by railway to guess the name of the next station, and wished for some means of answering his doubt? A contrivance has been introduced on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway which supplies the means. It is a dial-plate fixed in the carriages, on which appear the names of the stations one after another as they are approached. The names are printed on an endless band, which is moved by machinery.

A writer to the *Times* complains of what he justly calls a railway grievance—namely, the short time allowed for the purchase of tickets, so that intending passengers must always struggle through a crowd to

get their tickets. We have long regarded this as an entirely gratuitous grievance: why should not the offices be open for the sale of tickets all day long, and passengers allowed to purchase and pay fares at their own convenience?

#### THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

For this delightful land of ours,  
Let us give thanks to God;  
For birth beside its streams, and for  
A grave beneath its sod.  
It is a gracious privilege  
To breathe the self-same air  
Our noble dead have breathed, to live  
Where all is free and fair.

I never climb the mountain-side,  
Or wander through the wood,  
Without a pitying thought of those  
Who may not share such good;  
Of faces pale in close, dark streets,  
Where green grass will not grow,  
Who work, and watch, and wait, and weep,  
That death should come so slow.

What would they give to taste the sweets  
Of these wild-roses here?  
That hang down with a loving look  
To every passenger.  
What would they give to bask and dream  
Beneath these leafy trees,  
To plunge into the sparkling wave,  
And drink the healthy breeze?

To us, these gifts are common things—  
They're with us every day;  
We know their beauty speaks of Heaven,  
Yet we forget to pray.  
The waters curving through the woods  
To hard, dry eyes are shewn;  
The hoary rocks are preachers all;  
God help us—we are stone.

The very dust that blows about  
Reproaches us: 'tis mixed  
With ashes of brave Silure hearts  
On home and gods once fixed;  
Once glowing with a holy rage,  
When Roman foes drew nigh,  
And, rather than dishonoured live,  
Here shewing how to die.

Let us lift up ourselves, and be  
No more so mute and cold;  
Our every thought should be a hymn  
For these dear scenes we hold.  
For this delightful land of ours,  
Let us give thanks to God;  
For birth beside its streams, and for  
A grave beneath its sod.

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's Christian and surname in full.

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